EL PASO HERALD

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Postoffice and Sunday Closing

THE agitation of the clerks in the postoffice for closing on Sundays comes from people who are worked hard seven days in the week at present and to whom a day of rest once in seven would be deserved and no doubt most acceptable, but there are several considerations to be met. Mail arrives and departs on Sundays and it must be taken care of some time. The clerks and carriers say that a part of their force would be kept on duty each Sunday and that this force would keep the mail going and that very little if any delay would be experienced in its proper dispatch.

The request of the clerks and carriers for Sunday closing has the backing of many church people and of the labor unions. A straw vote of the city is to be taken by those interested and if it is found that a majority of the people favor the move, this will probably serve largely to induce the department to grant the request. In several cities Sunday closing has already been ordered. There have been no complaints from the subscribers, so far as The Herald has heard. If the people, who are the patrons and owners of the postoffice as it were—employes of the postoffice being the servants of the public—are willing to have the office closed on Sundays, then it should be closed. Every person who can get his rest on Sundays, for rest's sake alone, to say nothing of the freedom it gives those who wish to attend divine services, ought to have it, whether government or private employes. On the whole the postoffice employes probably do not work as long hours as most people in private life on a similar salary, for their hours are regulated by statute and are fixed at eight per day, yet they are entitled to their Sunday rest.

The Herald has quoted the Denver Post as stating that the clerks and carriers in that office were not satisfied at all with the Sunday closing movement, because it made more work for them on Mondays—more mail to distribute and extra loads to deliver. The El Paso carriers say they are willing to chance this and declare that very little mail is called for on Sundays anyhow and that they can easily distribute it all on their routes on Monday.

Paul Walter, editor of the Santa Fe New Mexican, postmaster at Santa Fe for eight years, discusses the subject and says:

"The distributing clerk would have to be on duty the same as now, because the Sunday closing movement does not affect those who rent postoffice boxes. Mails must be dispatched and distributed the same as on any other day. The public, however, would be deprived of the convenience of going to the window for one hour on Sunday and getting its mail and the clerks and carriers would not be helped much if any. In fact, the carriers find that their mail which patrons usually took out on Sunday will have to be carried to them on Monday. The law will not permit them to work more than eight hours a day, and part of the mails which arrived on Saturday after the carrier has gone on his last trip, will probably not be delivered until Tuesday or Wednesday, an arrangement satisfactory neither to patron nor to carrier. Similarly, at the general delivery window. On Monday morning, the clerk at that window finds himself so overwhelmed with mail, the accumulation of two days, that he is apt to make annoying mistakes and it will be "Blue" Monday in fact for him. Close the postoffice on Sunday by all means, but do not imagine that the letter carriers and postal clerks are helped thereby to any appreciable extent, for letters come and go on Sunday the same as any other day and must be handled as they are received."

The race track men will leave us after this week. Then watch business pick up in El Paso.

There is an old saying that an evil mind always thinks evil of others. It would hardly be right to say that this is called to mind by reading the aspersions cast by the Santa Fe New Mexican on the revolutionary news from Mexico, for the editor of a ring organ, whose first thought is "what will the gang think of it," rather than "shall the public be told," just naturally can't help being suspicious of everything he sees in print elsewhere. If the editor thinks he knows more about it than the man on the scene, he might make the longest trip of his life and come down and see for himself. He would find that some of the insurrectos that he calls "half naked hoboes" would be considered mighty good voters if his crowd had them up at Santa Fe or Taos.

Mr. Opper's Muttonhead Club

THE New York American cartoons a "banquet of the Muttonhead club," at which the honored guest is "the man who does not think this country ought to be prepared for a war with Japan."

Among the members present, according to Mr. Opper's drawing, are "the citizen who failed to register," "the man who lives beyond his income," "the man who thinks this country does not need an army," "the man who thinks this country does not need a navy," "the man who thinks this country does not need any fortifications," Dr. Cook, Frank Hitchcock, Joe Cannon and Joe Bailey.

If Mr. Opper had been applying it to El Paso, he might have added "the man who does not sign up for street paving," "the man who says there is no insurrection in Mexico," "the man who says El Paso politics is not controled by a ring," "the man who hasn't sense enough to buy valley land," "the man who believes there was a battle at Chocolate Pass," "the man who believes a Mexican official dispatch," and "the man who doesn't know that El Paso is the finest place in the world."

One of the fairest articles yet printed in a magazine on the situation in Mexico is Arthur Ruhl's story from Mexico City, in Collier's. It is fair to both sides and has less misinformation in it than any such article that has yet appeared in print. Mr. Ruhl got a wonderful grasp of the situation in a short time.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch is campaigning against the smokestacks. El Paso will take a few that St. Louis doesn't want, but we want them to be rising above a factory, not a Chinese restaurant.

It is useless to remark that the terrible loss of life in that New York factory fire should serve as a warning to building inspectors and municipal officials of the dangerous condition of other buildings in that great city. The officials must have personal knowledge of these things and it is only criminal negligence that permits them to exist. In such accidents as the one in which over a hundred poor girls met death, the officials who permitted the violations of the law are equally guilty, morally, with the owners of the place. And New York is not the only city where building laws are violated and dangerous structures are allowed to stand. We could come much closer home and find similar conditions on a smaller scale.

Armored airships are now planned. Next in line is for somebody to invent a pneumatic device to upset them in the air.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

A DOLLAR will do more good to a man who is down and out than the gaudiest platitude that a generous man can spout. The world beaten sport comes by, and says he is out of luck, and hands me a soulful sigh, and asks for a silver buck. And O, how I like to preach, before I hand out the cash, to show that I am a peach at making a moral hash! Of precepts I have a store, of maxims and helpful saws; I pass them along till sore and sprained are my joyous jaws. I'd rather give good advice than go to a game of ball, or swallow a lemon ice, or play with a rubber doll. I'd rather wind up my tongue, and then let the same run down, than dance with the daintiest girl graduate in the town. And so when I meet a gent who's needing a shirt and tile, I hand him a Lincoln cent, and preach for a quite a while. I've platitudes by the peck, and oils that will quiet strife; I'm loaded clear to the neck with lessons and rules of life. I've bandages, salves and splints for morals that lamely go; I'd rather give helpful hints than go to a minstrel show.

DOLLARS AND DISCOURSES

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Range and Papatua

A Maori Legend.

The Herald's Daily Short Story

LONG, very long ago the god Range, the sky, and the goddess Papatua, the earth, loved one another with a deep and sincere love. Their union was so perfect that it was barely possible for the light of day to come between them. No tall majestic tree could grow in the forest, no flower could open its petals—only the vines and creepers spread along the surface of the earth.

The earth had then no other inhabitants than the children of the gods Range and Papatua. When these children began to grow up they suffered from the lack of space and light and wanted to see their father mount to a higher altitude so that they might get more room and light. At first they tried to persuade him, but he refused to listen to them, saying that never would he be separated from his beloved wife Papatua, the earth.

When the children found that their words were of no avail, they met and asked each other:

"What are we going to do?"

The god of war, who was cruel and knew no feeling of filial love, exclaimed: "Let us kill them." But this proposal did not appeal to the others, though all agreed they must be separated.

So Tane, the god of light and the father of the forests, who wanted to see the trees raise their heads, the birds and insects multiply, proposed that he should try to lift Range, the sky, that the light of day might brighten all.

Then Papatua cried: "No, I will follow my husband." And she called upon Tane to abandon his plan. But Tane refused. He sat down upon his mother who from that time became motionless, and sitting on her he kicked his father away with such force that he was raised up and has remained there ever since.

Range and Papatua cried and sighed, and their complaints were heart-rending to hear.

Tau-hiri, the father of the winds? flew up towards heaven to console his father and remain with him.

Then Papatua, the earth, was flooded with light, and new creatures sprang from her lap, and plants and trees began to grow.

Sometimes Tau-hiri and his children descended from above and attacked Tane, trying to destroy him and his offspring. But Tane transformed some of his children into birds, others into fishes which the earth concealed in her bosom, but this did not keep Tau-hiri from finding and eating some of them. This is the reason why men, when they ate each other, said to excuse their behavior.

"Have not the gods themselves set us an example?"

In the meantime Tane, the powerful god of light, continued to beautify and enrich his mother, the earth. He covered her with plants and flowering shrubs, and gave her song birds and butterflies and all kinds of marvelous things.

He was not yet quite satisfied with his work. He wanted to plant majestic trees. Now the first trees resembled human beings and Tane thought their hair to be roots and planted their heads in the ground. Thus planted they were strange to look upon and could not grow. Then Tane recognized his mistake, he turned them the other way and the trees grew way up into the air and sent out branches and leaves in all directions. Thus Tane covered his mother, earth, with a mantle of green foliage and in spite of her sorrow she grew more beautiful every day. Some of the children of Papatua, who lived in the skies, the hurricanes, the storms and the hail, tried to destroy the forests, but others were sweet and gentle and their breath fell like balmy breezes on the earth and made it more beautiful still.

When Tane had done all he could for his mother, he raised his eyes towards his father Range, whom he had sent so far away and took pity on him when he saw how poorly he was dressed. So he went and found Rahwikura, the sacred red mantle and wrapped it around Range, who now sparkled with splendor. Then he went further away to the country of the stars, and gathered the most beautiful of them, carried them off and placed them on the Range's red mantle, but they shone not because of the bright color. Then during the night Tane covered the red mantle with a dark shadow and to this he affixed the stars that now made a marvelous sight. Then Tane gave his father the sun and, the moon that he might look upon his beloved wife day and night.

Papatua, the earth, was delighted and praised her son in beautiful songs. Still she was not quite happy and one day she said to Tane:

"I am afraid your father will fall and hurt himself. He is not used to the high altitude and my arms do not reach him."

"I will support him," replied Tane, and he found beautiful clouds and placed them underneath his father's range. And all the inhabitants of the world praised Tane and Sang:

"Separated forever are Range and Papatua.

"Praised be Tane.

"Praised be Tane!

"Separated they are forever."

And like a sad echo the earth and sky replied:

"Separated we are forever;

"Separated we are forever!

"But eternal lasts our love."

Thus, although separated by their children, Range, the sky, and Papatua, the earth are forever united by the strength of their love.

And thus it will be—always.

Dorothy Dix

On Things About Women Men Can't Understand

The Problem of Making Her a Gift

"BY Jove," said the first man, "but women are curious creatures, and the more you study them, the less you understand them.

"After a man has been married 20 or 30 years, he begins to find this out, and that a woman doesn't work from cause to effect but from effect to cause. Then he gives up trying to guess the riddle and accepts his wife as she is.

"But his past experiences do not throw any light on the present or illuminate the future, or erect any guide posts that keep him from making mistakes, and stumbling into the pitfalls of matrimony.

"Perhaps one of the reasons why there is so much divorce is because men never get a real tip on how to manage women. They always blunder, even when their intentions are best.

"Now, take a woman's attitude on the gift question for instance. That is one of the great mysteries of feminine psychology with which the mere masculine intellect is utterly unable to cope, although millions of men collide with it every day of the year, and do their humble best to solve it.

Solving the Twenty Years.

"As for myself, I've been wrestling with it for 20 years, and just as I feel that I have got the key to the enigma, something happens that knocks all of my theories into smithereens and I am left again groping in the dark.

"Of course, it doesn't take a man long to find out, after he is married, that all sorts of anniversaries are sacred with a woman, and that her ideal of a perfect husband is a man who always bobs up with a present on her birthday, and who never forgets to send her a bunch of flowers and a box of candy on the anniversary of the day he first saw her, and the auspicious day when she promised to be his.

"If a man will observe an anniversary without growling, and act as if he really enjoyed it, his wife accounts it unto him for righteousness. If he will remember an anniversary himself, and not have to be reminded of it, it is like the mantle of charity that covers a multitude of sins; and she will forgive him for pretty nearly anything else that he does, in the way of side-stepping, for the sake of his virtue that is so unaccountably dear to her.

"No man can comprehend the why or whereforeness of this feminine worship of anniversaries; but, having once grasped the fact that he can make his wife happy by bestowing upon her a posie or a trinket, a man is a poor sort of a husband who will not take the trouble to mark off his wife's fete days on the calendar, and appropriately observe them.

Many Obstacles In the Way.

"That sounds easy, but I find that the carrying out of the programme is beset with unexpected complications, among which I am dead certain to come to grief.

"For in buying your wife a present there are almost insuperable difficulties because, in the first place, it must be a surprise; and, in the second place, it must be exactly what she wants; and in the third place, it must be something that you can't possibly afford; and, in the fourth place, it must square with her idea of rigid economy.

"And to fulfill all of these qualities requires more of a mind reader than the average man is.

"I speak wth feeling on the subject, for I have just been through a harrowing experience.

"My wife's birthday was approaching, and the portentious problem of her birthday present loomed large on the horizon. With deep guile I listened attentively to her conversation to see if she would not drop some hint as to something she particularly wanted. Being a good wife, and wishing to help me out, she discoursed concerning dinner rings, from which I inferred that one of those soup plate affairs was the desire of her heart.

"To my consternation, I found out that it took 400 good hard plunks to buy even a fairly nice one. I could ill afford to spend so much money, but I reflected on what a good, industrious, economical wife my Mary was, and how often she had worn her old suit in order that I might have a new one, and how uncomplaining and generous she had been about everything, and so I dug down into my little bank account and came across with the price of a good ring from one of the best stores.

A Howling Success.

"Well, the gift was a howling success—at first. My wife got up in the night to take another look at it. She showed it to her family, and all the neighbors, and was as happy over it as a kid with a red sled.

"That lasted about two days.

"Then she began worrying about something. She wanted to know the price of the ring, and though heaven knows I should have known better, I let her worm it out of me that I had paid $400 for it at Stiffanay's.

"Then—Wow! Bloody murder! Four hundred dollars! The very idea! She had seen one just like it at a marked down bargain sale of jewelry, in a department store, that they only asked $200 for.

"Four hundred dollars, for a ring, and people in our circumstances! We will land in the poorhouse sure, etc., etc., etc., and then a flood of tears.

"I give you my word, my wife cried for a week, and I cursed myself for a fool for spending my hard-earned money and producing weeps where I had thought to bring joy.

"I wondered if my wife would ever forgive me, and then, suddenly, one night, the storm burst and broke, and I found out that she had been having a perfectly lovely time, crying over her ring as the proof positive that I loved her so much that I was willing to ruin myself and impoverish the family just to gratify her whim.

"She thought I had done a most idiotic thing, but she wouldn't have had me not do it for the world.

"Can you beat that?"

Mexico Speaks 63 Languages; Fifty-two of Them By Indians

By Frederic J. Haskin

Of All the Indians of Mexico the Zapotecs Are the Most Interesting.

TEHUANTEPEC, Mex., March 30.—There are 63 languages and dialects spoken in Mexico, 52 of them belonging to the Indian races of the country. The linguistic characteristics of these different tongues vary as widely as Chinese and English, as French and Russian. So, too, do the races differ in their habits, manners, customs and appearances. Here in Tehuantepec one may see the best examples of the cleanly Zapotec indians, who are well dressed and attractive, while in Mexico City one beholds as filthy and bedraggled a lot of natives as human imagination can picture.

The Tribe of Juarez.

The Zapotec Indians are among the most interesting of all the tribes in Mexico. They have given to the country some of its best leaders. Benito Juarez, called by some the Abraham Lincoln of Mexico, was a full blooded Zapotec. President Diaz is closely related to the Zapotecs, his mother having been the child of a Spanish father and a pure breed Mixtec indian mother. The Mixtecs belong to the same general family, and live in the same territory. The city of Tehuantepec, peopled almost entirely by Zapotec indians, is one of the most remarkable and picturesque communities in the entire republic. The women form the bulk of the population. Some estimate that the proportion of women to men is five to one, because of the wars that have taken place in the past and the number of men who were killed. The women transact the business of the community, and the city market is always a blaze of color during market hours.

Fond of Gay Colors.

The upper part of their costume is an oriental looking jacket, cut very low at the neck and with short sleeves It is usually made of polka dot goods, with the dots as large as an American quarter. The skirt is a replica of the Malay sarong, and consists of a loop of cloth several yards long bordered at the hem, brought snugly around the hips and tucked in at the waist line. They wear bright red or yellow silk handkerchiefs wound coquettishly around the head. Some of the older women wear a head dress called the huipil, a white linen affair which is sometimes worn as an exaggerated Elixabethan ruff. At other times it is worn in such a way that it gives the wearer the appearance of being arrayed in the bonnet and plume of an American indian chief.

The time to see the Tehuantepec women at their best is upon a feast day. At such times they tog themselves in fineries of such striking hues as to shame a Mexican rainbow. Their favorite jewelry is a chain of five or ten dollar gold pieces, and the possession of one of these chains is sufficient evidence of thriftiness to pass them into the best society of the city. Every American writer who visits Mexico endeavors to go to Tehuantepec. Last year, the government entertained a body of American newspaper men here. A special party was given in their honor and some of the native women danced with sober minded writers from Washington, New York and other cities.

Men Shun Work.

The principal trait of the men of Tehuantepec is their determination not to be seen at work. They go out into the country, grow their little patch of corn, and then gather it. It then devolves upon the women to market the produce and to manage the finances of the home. In this quaint old indian city there lives a venerable Canadian by the name of Woolrich, who has been here for 53 years. He is the oldest American resident in southern Mexico and one of the characters of the country. He tells many interesting stories illustrative of the habits and manners of these people and says the advent of the Tehuantepec railroad has served to take away much of the picturesqueness of the city. Upon one occasion he wished to have some soldering done, and asked the silversmith of the community to execute the work for him. The artisan said he would do the work but would be unable to carry the package home as his neighbors would talk about it if they saw him thus demeaning himself. So Mr. Woolrich carried the bundle for him. Among Mr. Woolrich's friends of early days in Tehuantepec was Porforio Diaz, then jefe politico of the city. In later years differences arose between the two men, which still divide them, but Woolrich declares Diaz to be a just and honest man.

Indians Predominate.

Of the total population of Mexico, 38 percent are full blooded indians and 43 percent are half breeds. It is said there are more races and tongues in this single republic than in all the rest of the western hemisphere together, and that the indian population of Mexico today is ten times as great as was to be found in the United States at any time in its history. All degrees of culture, from the abject Ceris of Sonora—as hopelessly benighted as the Patagonians—to the Zapotecs and Mayas are represented. The principal tribes of the republic are the Nahuatlans, with 1,750,000, the Tarascans, with 250,000, the Zapotecans, with 580,000, the Mayans with 400,000, and the Otomians with 700,000. Of these the Mayans have the best title to being the descendants of the most important of the primitive races of Mexico. It is said that the civilization of Yucatan surpassed that of any other community in the new world prior to the time of Columbus. Not only are the ruins of Yucatan attributed to their work, but also those of Palenque. Historians say that at the time of the Conquest they numbered 2,000,000, and that they were not far behind the foremost nations of the world in the great procession of races from savagery toward enlightenment. The Mayans of today are poor as a race, but many of their descendants are numbered among the henequen kings of Yucatan. Their cities are among the cleanest and brightest of the world.

European Descendants of Aztecs.

A number of recognized descendants of the Aztec rulers are today living in Mexico and the countries of Europe. Some of them are given pensions by the government. Most of the indians around the City of Mexico are descendants of those who resisted the invasion of Cortez. There are many peculiar races in the northern part of the republic. The Tarahumare indians, residing in Chihuahua, are said to be the finest runners in the world, and a healthy member of this race will easily run 170 miles without stopping. A man has been known to cover 600 miles in a single five-day period. While running they live on a native dish made of corn and water, a sort of mush. Where they are employed by the Mexicans they are often set to the task of running wild horses into the corral. It may take two of three days, but they will bring them in; the horses thoroughly exhausted, the men comparatively fresh.

In the same way they will follow a deer for days through snow or rain until it is cornered and its hoofs ready to drop off. The women are as good runners as the men. When the Tarahumares visit a civilized home they usually ask permission to go through the house and hunt for mice, these being one of the favorite delicacies of their table. Counting is done by the women and not by the men. When a girl falls in love with a boy she dances bashfully before him and sings a song

(Continued on next page.)

14 Years Ago To-day

From The Herald Of This Date 1897

Georgia Cayvan and troupe left for the west today.

Trainmen from the west today report snow at Dragoon pass.

Harry Delaney, well known pioneer, has removed to Virginia.

The Juarez city council is planning to build a fence around the cemetery.

A carload of 1200 cattle for El Paso dealers was brought over from Juarez last night.

C. G. Shoals, superintendent of telegraph of the Santa Fe railroad, is in the city on business.

Powell Clayton, the new minister to Mexico, will pass through El Paso, en route to his new post.

The Bisbee Orb says that a new Mormon colony is to be started 10 miles south of that city.

The right of way sought by the El Paso Southern Railway company was granted by the city council last night.

The last eastbound Sunset Limited passed through El Paso last night. There were nearly 100 passengers on it.

Two sacks of potatoes were among the seized articles sold at the "old hoss" sale at the Juarez customs house today.

Rev. A. Hoffman, of the First Methodist church, expects to leave next week for Germany, where he will visit his parents.

W. D. Gregory, who has occupied the post of press operator at the Western Union office for several years, has been appointed night manager of that office.

The owners of Franklin Heights have arranged with the Southern Pacific Railroad company to supply them with water for irrigation purposes from its tanks.

Abe Martin

Mr. Mooty Spray is th' new clerk at th' Palace Hut-tel. He combs his hair like a acrobat an' plays th' guitar. Pinky Kerr wuz arrested yisterday. He picked up a Indianny novel in a bookstore an' couldn' put it down.

The Diary of an Insurrecto

By Wex Jones

A ROSE at an early hour this morning, owing to the sun's rays having been deflected into my eyes by a piece of mirror in the hands of a small boy. Having learned the small boy was also an insurrecto—much to my sorrow—I did not shoot him, but instead woke up fully.

After a meager breakfast, consisting of chile con carne, I advanced to my position as one of those attacking the railroad. We were supposed to be disguised as railroad ties, but so many of us were intent upon wrecking the line—owing to a rumor that some cars contained spaghetti—that the engineer at once detected something wrong.

Later, it was learned, he said to his fireman that he had never seen so many ties around one track before. He added, it was confirmed, that he had never before seen railroad ties trying to hide themselves behind boulders.

However, this turned out to be a mighty good subterfuge, since the engineer forgot all about the real ties, which we had piled up around a curve. When he ran into them, the train was derailed and began to run along smoothly.

This enabled the train crew and the cars to escape us, and, the cars with food being gone, we devoted our entire attention to sleeping.

—

Having slept for not more than 10 or 12 hours I was aroused by a loud bombardment, which I soon discovered came from one of our own guns. Previously we had been afraid to fire it, lest the affair might explode, but this time it was emitting almost diabolical noises.

Hastily I, being the most devoted patriot, rushed out and silenced the cannon by wrapping a sock around it.

The officer in charge explained that he was repulsing the organized Diaz troops with the aid of the cannon, but I soon made him understand that we must sleep.

—

Awakened this morning and arose as I expected to a large dish of frijoles. Found that we had been captured during the night and that the government tyrants had determined to feed us almost entirely upon what air might come through the 2x4 window.

This barbarous treatment, especially when I remembered the free breakfasts we used to have, forced me to break out of jail and induce my brother to join the insurrectos. Thus reinforced, I easily obtained more men, as the only necessary qualification of an insurrecto is to be able to eat at any time and in any amount.

Imagine my horror later to discover that the insurgents were quartering their men as a rule on their most earnest supporters, and free of charge at that!

I am now in favor of reform, rebellion, or whatever it is, by suffrage.

Married Life the Second Year

Mabel Herbert Urner

Tells How Helen Decides on Revolt and Gives Warren the Surprise of His Life.

"HELEN! Helen!" Warren opened the bathroom door a few inches and called out angrily. "Get me a bath towel!"

Helen hurriedly brought a towel and handed it in to him.

"Why on earth can't you keep bath towels in the bathroom?" as he slammed the door.

For several moments there was loud splashing of water and then Warren emerged in his bath robe.

"And why, under heavens, don't you get some bath soap? There's a piece in there about the size of a bird's egg. And there's never enough towels. Why don't you look after things better?"

Helen did not answer with her usual eager apologies, but said rather coldly:

"I'm sorry the bathroom wasn't in order; but I can't do everything."

"Can't do everything," he fumed. "Why, you've got all day with nothing to do as far as I can see."

"Nothing to do, with the baby and the marketing and the house and Delia to look after?"

"Oh, that's nothing. You've got Delia to do all the work. You've only to see that she does it."

Helen's Coolness Angered Him.

Without answering, Helen rose and was leaving the room when Warren flared out again:

"Here you've been using my brush! Haven't I told you to leave my brush alone?"

"You shaved by my dresser this morning because the light was better. And when I wanted my brush you said not to come near you. So I used yours," Helen answered still more coldly.

"Well, at least you should have the decency to clean it out."

"I was just doing that when you called for the towels. Then Delia called me into the kitchen and I forgot it."

There was something in her cool, quiet indifference to his fuming that was most unusual and disconcerting.

"What's come over you?" he demanded. "Aren't you a rather high and mighty lady this morning?"

"No, I think not," quietly.

He was standing before the mirror and now their eyes met in the glass. His were full of angry excitement and hers were quiet and slightly contemptuous. He wheeled around in a frenzy and yet at a loss for any tangible excuse for his rage.

"So you think you are going to carry things with a high hand this morning, eh?"

He Rushed After Her.

But Helen had gone out and closed the door. He rushed after her and threw it open.

"That's your method of ending a conversation, is it? Now, you will just listen until I'm through."

"Don't you think you made quite a sufficient spectacle of yourself last night without anything further this morning?"

"Spectacle of myself last night," he roared.

"Yes, when I had invited Mr. Farrel for dinner and you came home half intoxicated and disgraced us both."

"Oh, I did—did I?" he sneered. "And who wanted Farrel here, anyway? I told you he was a darned chump."

"And I told you that Will Farrel and I had been friends since we were children; and I wished him to see my home and my husband. He always wanted to marry me and I was foolish enough to want him to believe I was happy."

"Oh, he wanted to marry you, did he? Well, it's a darned pity he didn't."

"Yes, I think so too, now."

"Oh, you do, do you?" He stepped toward her almost threateningly, the brush still in his hand. "So you wish you'd married him, do you?"

"When you're like this, I think I do," deliberately.

"Well, it may not be too late yet, you know?" with concentrated fury. "What do you say to that—eh?"

"What would you like for me to say?"

His Rage Was Beyond Words.

Here his rage at her coolness was beyond words. He could only clench his teeth and glare at her. Whatever expression his wrath might have found was averted by Delia's appearing with the announcement:

"There's something the matter with the range." And Helen followed her out into the kitchen.

With a muttered oath Warren turned back into his room and finished dressing with unwonted haste, scowling fiercely all the while.

Then he grabbed up his hat and coat, and without waiting for his breakfast, slammed out of the apartment.